Just as some time ago in Seville, the *"circulos* are what I most wonder at in Murcia. There is one odd thing about these circles, and that is that they are always rectangular. They remind one of the inside of an omnibus with the two sides widely separated. Against the two side walls, two rows o£ big armchairs face each other. In each armchair a member of the club. Each clubman is smoking a cigar and, on an angle, watching the passers-by. The passers-by, as they pass, watch the clubman smoking his cigar. A large plate glass separates the clubmen from the passers-by; seen from the outside, the club looks like an aquarium.

The unpretentious clubs are on a level with the street (It is a street in which no vehicles pass.) Others, a bit higher, offer the knees of the club members on a level with the eyes of the passers-by. The one who is seated dominates. No books or newspapers or anything served other than the cigars; nor any conversation possible from armchair to armchair because too distant. On the front of one of these aquariums, in which a few turbots are stagnating, can be read: *"Circulo instructive?*

When you come to Spain hungry for sun and dancing and singing, nothing is so dismal as a movie theater where the rain forces us to take shelter. Singing and dancing, in vain we sought them as far as Murcia. At Seville doubtless they can still be found; in Granada . . . . Yes, I remember that in the Albaicin, almost twenty years ago (nothing since, not even the songs of Egypt, has touched a more secret spot in my heart): it was at night, in the vast hall of an inn, a gypsy boy singing; a chorus of men and women, in an undertone, then sudden pauses, punctuated that panting, excessive, painful song, in which one felt his soul expiring every time he caught his breath. It seemed a first draft of Cho-

pin^ last ballade; but it remained almost outside of music; not Spanish, but gypsy, and irreducibly so. To hear that song again, ah, I would have traveled over three Spains! But I shall flee Granada for fear of not hear-Jttg ft again there.

Moreover, frightful weather made us return northward.

To the memory of that evening is attached the memory of a blush.

It was during Easter vacation. I was traveling with my mother. I was a little over twenty; but I reached twenty rather late; I was still soft and new.

For the amusement of a few tourists a manager liad organized an evening of dances on the second floor of an outlying *posada.* Already I disliked everything that smefled of artifice . . , but how else could we see those dances? Soon they worrt be exhibited anywhere outside of the Paris vaudevilles and cabarets.

Authentic habanera, cachucha, and seguidffia were served up to us that evening. On three sides of the hall straw chairs and benches for the tourists were arranged ia double rows. I was seated beside my motihar;